

THE MIDLOTHIAN MIRROR

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PENN JONES, JR., EDITOR

February 4, 1967

Dear Harold,

I was somewhat interested in your impressions of Tom. It is very hard for me to be objective about him, because I don't like him.

Probably he is all right - except - I think he would double-cross his own Grandmother if it would help him in any way. I'm sure you know that he is working for the D.A. in New Orleans, which really shouldn't be repeated. If the D. A. can crack this case, good. He has been given two \$500 payments from the D.A.

He told us this very candidly, but said it was pretty hush-hush.

On one occasion he criticized Penn to me - not too badly, I've even forgotten what he said. But I remember being pretty snappish in my reply.

He is physically dirty. He wears a shirt (very often one of ours) FOR A WEEK. When he DOES take a bath, he takes it at 2:00 a.m. and wakes everybody up.

He is lazy, and it would take three people and a keg of dynamite to bounce him out of bed before noon or after.

He stayed with us maybe a week or longer the first time he landed here. Penn eventually said he couldn't stay any longer.. He eventually returned with the understanding that he was to help me (when Penn didn't need him). He was to help me set up a large new file, help with letters. And if I got stuck in the kitchen when the housekeeper wasn't here, he was to give me a hand....Now not to wash dishes, just help me get the food in and out.

On one occasion I managed to get his attention for possibly five minutes about how we would set up the file. I gave up, hired myself some competent stenographic help, and let Tom go back to sleep.

There is no implication that he is suspect. None at all. He's not another Schiller or Lewis.

But he's just so arrogant and so wrapped up in himself - sort of the man-who-came-to-dinner type. I am beginning to feel like his step-mother, and a cruel one at that.

Am going to send this to Lillian, and wish you would either destroy it or put it somewhere out of sight. In his note to us, when he left for Washington, he said he would be back as soon as he could.

Maybe by then I can calm down, and be a little better hostess.

With friendship,

R. G.